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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 20.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TWELVE MONTHS' HARD LABOUR.*

THIS volume having been sent to our office, presumably for review, we cannot do less than notice it. We will first of all allow the author to speak for himself, as he does in his preface:—

"The critic, connoisseur, or any other person interested in the reviewing of volumes of this description, may possibly be of opinion that my literary style is better suited to the pages of romance than to a history of prison life, full of the soberest and most dismal facts; nor should I, were such a statement made, attempt to repudiate it; but I have written my personal experience in my own manner, and after my own peculiar fashion, and though they should lack every other qualification, they undubitably bear upon their several pages the perfect imprint of truth."

Happily, it does not often fall within the province of "critic" or connoisseur to express his opinion of volumes of this description; nor can it be deemed possible that any human being, critic, connoisseur, or otherwise, should take any interest in making remarks about them. As to the classification or proper sphere of what this "journalist" is pleased to call his literary style, that would be an extremely difficult feat to attempt. At the same time it may be observed, as a guide to the reader, that his literary style is as "sober and dismal" as he intends his "facts" to be, and that the bad grammar in the preface, which makes his "personal experience bear upon their pages the imprint of truth," is scattered with a liberal hand throughout the volume. As a matter of fact, however, it is scarcely fair to blame our author for allowing his love of truth to get the better of his English, especially when the truths told are so startling and interesting as those under notice. It is but fair also to allow the author to tell his tale for himself, as by revealing it we should undoubtedly destroy any little interest which it might have for the "connoisseur" in bad stories badly told. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a few quotations in justification and illustration of the remarks which we have made. Here is a specimen of the "journalist's literary style" at its best:—

"Three other prisoners also attempted suicide during the twelve months I was there, who had been punished for various offences against the prison regulations, and for their several attempts of *felo-de-se* each individual was condemned to receive twelve lashes with the 'cat.'"

This is mere ordinary weakness of composition, but still the writer never even seems to soar above this point, which, indeed, he frequently fails to reach. Again is our author at his best when he gives us the following description of a fellow prisoner:—

"A head conelike in shape, that is to say, a broad chin and narrow forehead, forming a sort of triangle in appearance; hair of that uncertain colour between Auburn and yellow, a species of clouded amber; a nose that you could have lighted your pipe at, if you had had a pipe to light; a figure that, when photographed, looked like the effort of a schoolboy to draw the outline of a pump, and a gait which would put into the shade the most waddling specimen of the duck and drake community; and yet this man had found a heart of gentleness, which had beaten sympathetic chords with his own, but that heart now was cold, beneath the grassy sword."

The only remark to be made about this absurd example of "literary style" is that it winds up with a text of Scripture, a habit which is not unfrequent with the writer's paragraphs, especially when they begin in an offensive slangy manner. Purposely omitting quotations from the many offensive parts of the book, which contain, after all, information which the student of Dickens, Sala, and Mayhew can obtain in a more

*Twelve Months' Hard Labour: a True Story of My Life in Prison; by a Journalist.—Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand.

agreeable form, we may observe that the work teems with vulgarity and nauseous sentiment, such stuff, doubtless, as is read greedily by persons who would condemn as "slow" the authors mentioned above. With regard to the extracts given, it may be remarked, in conclusion, that in an ordinary case of reviewing, the critic is accustomed to copy laboriously the sentences which he quotes. We have had no compunction in employing the scissors on this present volume, not counting among our acquaintance a single person whose pleasure in reading would be marred by the mutilation.

MY COMPLAINT.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

SOME of my friends get the gout, and the colic some,
Some have rheumatics or tie-doloureux,
Yet I observe that at times they are frolicsome—
I am low-spirited all the year through.
I would give something, the same as my friends, to be
Subject to terrible ailments at times;
But I am one whom Dame Nature intends to be
Only a framer of sorrowful rhymes.

Some are upset by tobacco, and some a cake
Eaten too freely will render unwell;
Eat what I may, it produces a stomach-ache,
Or some disorder most doleful to tell.
I should exhaust all the works anatomical
Did I attempt of my ailments a list;
How can I fairly expect to be comical
Till on this planet I cease to exist.

When all my ailments are bending me double, some
Friend will observe, with a sprightly grimace,
"Really, you wouldn't find sickness so troublesome
Were you to cease to pull such a long face."
Still, when I try to be funny I feel that I
Am not successful at all, and confess,
As I'm attempting my woes to conceal, that I
Only my miseries further express.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BISHOP!

THE squabble, disreputable to all concerned, in which the *Courier*, Mr. Gordon, Dr. Potter, Mr. Touchstone, and others have been recently engaged, is not one on which we intend to make many remarks, nor, indeed, is it easy to write sympathetically about a controversy in which everybody gives the lie all round to everybody else, in which documents are suppressed or published in a mutilated form, each disputant seeming to vie with the others in taking unfair advantage; in fact, we hardly know whether to regard as disgraceful or ludicrous the half-honest floundering of Mr. Gordon, the feeble garblings and protestations of the newspaper, the stale utterances of Mr. Touchstone, and the juggling tricks of Dr. Potter. It is, however, an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and the good that has come out of all this has been a sensible and manly utterance by the Bishop on the question of disestablishment. In expressing our congratulations to his lordship on his re-appearance in public, we speak with all sincerity. In spite of all that has come and gone this feeling will be almost universal, and those among his flock who thought that they had rather too much of the Bishop's utterances have now found that it is a very dismal thing to do without them, although they may occasionally crowd out of the column more sensational items of news. However that may be, here is the Bishop at it again in his usual fervid and impulsive fashion, declaring, first of all, that he feels that he has still six years' work in him, and that after that he will think

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of retiring. With all respect to his lordship, the opinion must be expressed that the man who talks thus, and carries his hearers with him, is not the man to think seriously of retiring at all. He who anticipates for himself six years of useful work will ever find mingling with his hopefulness, as he grows older, the desire to die in harness. All we can say is, long may the Bishop of Manchester live to threaten retirement, and then think better of it.

The Bishop's second utterance on the same day, equally impulsive and equally sincere, was on the question of disestablishment. He said that having been challenged by "a daily paper," the same paper probably which he never reads, to express his opinion, he rejected with contempt the bribe thrown out by the Liberationists, of a life interest in their incomes, to the bishops. Of course, as Dr. Fraser hinted, the time is far distant when these agitators will be in a position to offer such a bribe with any possible effect. At the same time his lordship would, if necessary, "snap his fingers" at the loss of income, and live on his own slender means, if by that course, as he seems to think, the safety of the Church could be secured. Believing in the honesty of conviction which invariably underlies the hard-hitting language of the Bishop, we cannot but applaud this utterance, which certainly, as far as the utterer is concerned, makes a telling point against the Liberationists. In spite, however, of these expressed views, his lordship said never a word in approval of the part which the Rev. Dr. Potter and the *Courier* have taken in the present controversy. In point of fact, no gentleman, however much in favour of church establishment, would wish his own private letters to be used in a manifestly unfair way against his opponents.

IN SEARCH OF APARTMENTS.

[BY OUR DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.]



SIR,—I am not the solitary one which am trouble with apartments and the landlady, as is the Old Fogie. He is not in my own country so troubled. One hire an apartment and the landlady is not. One lies him down on the bed, where he takes his coffee, and dwell all as one in the chamber. One has no shame to do it. He goes out, he returns, he receives his friends. His key is suspended when he takes his walks, but the landlady is among the unknown. He hires him a man to rub the floor, and he eats his breakfast and his dinner at the *café*. He smokes as of reason if he is a smoker; if he want to spite he spites, he has no fear of no one, but it is chiefly the Englishman who spites when he smokes. It is for that he must drink much grogs in smoking. In the apartment which I now leave this is the cause. The woman of the house say to me when I arrive to hire it, "Please, sir, be very careful where you spite." I say, "Madame, to spite is not my habitude;" and for long I smoke and spite not though, indeed, it is enormously costly to live as one does with a landlady four times more dear than in France, where one eats not by home. Then the Old Fogie arrive to smoke his pipe, and I am amuse by his conversation, and he spites as he has custom, and the politeness forbids me to say nothing. Then the landlady, who is a woman of the most violent, abuse me, and say, "I will not have you to spite, and your friends are beasts;" and I reply that my friends is my own, and my lodgment is also my own, and she insult my country, and call me dirty Frenchman, and I am vex, and search elsewhere an apartment where my friend can spite. I read the announcements in the journals, and find many apartments. I fatigue myself to inquire them; also, it is not easy for him to make himself understand, and this the cause of disagreement. I ask one

woman, the announcement of whom I read, "Have you got, madame, an apartment?" She say, "Yes," and demand if he desires "partial board." Then I say, "I do not want any board, I want an apartment." Then she said, "Do you dine in town?" and I say, "No, I dine at my lodgment, it is too costly to pay for the bad dinner three francs." She say, "You cannot dine here unless you have the board, it is too much troubles the two dinners." I say, "Madame, you are in error, I require not two dinners, and the board I do not understand. I want one dinner each day and a little supper, and the clean linen and no flea. I do not understand board." Then, to my surprise and annoyance, she seize a broom, a weapon of the most detestable, and she say, "I make you understand nasty foreign," and she drive me with strikes from the door. Truly the landladies are a race of the most violent, and now it shudders me to go search another interview.

LESSONS IN NATURAL OBJECTS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

W E next of the flea will discourse for a bit—
A dangerous theme you will say,
But I have a method of handling it
Which will drive all such notions away
(That is to the subject, of course, I allude;
I would not allude to the flea
As a thing to be handled, for that would be rude,
And an act that is foreign to me).

In writing I strive to be ever genteel,
And Nature, which now is my theme,
Will suggest to the reader just how he may feel
When awoke by a flea from a dream.
My rhymes against Nature 'twere useless to match,
'Twas Nature instructed the flea;
She also has taught human beings to scratch,
So things are just balanced, you see.

The flea is an insect that lives upon blood,
And it is not particular whose;
The dwellers in palace and cabin of mud
Have each got this fluid to lose.
'Tis strange that an insect a man should regard
As a beast that's created for it,
But still for the man it is equally hard
That he should be made to be bit.

'Tis clear that the insect's opinion of man
Is a low one, in certain respects,
But still he will always escape if he can,
To be killed by his prey he objects.
The belief of the flea is thus tainted with awe,
He is thankful to Nature, no doubt,
But still he takes care, as he's filling his maw,
To be ceaselessly hopping about.

And now at the lesson at last we arrive,
Which, doubtless, you're eager to reach,
But patience just now is a virtue which I've
Undertaken to praise and to preach;
Impatience is ugly, and patience is wise,
And so, when disturbed in his rest,
The "Lover of Nature" turns over and sighs,
And remarks, "It is all for the best."

SMALLPOX AND SMALL DOSES OF RELIGION.

AN enterprising correspondent of a daily paper has found out a new danger which threatens the community. The question of smallpox is just now cropping up in odd ways. The caprices of anti-vaccinationists have lately obtained sundry paragraphs, and Mr. Henry Pitman has satisfactorily proved that a reporter may possess a conscience, by going to prison for his convictions. The latest phase of the question is one of inoculation rather than vaccination—in other words, the sensible suggestion is made that the distribution from house to house of tracts, which are periodically exchanged, must be a very useful agent in the spread of disease. We do not know whether any of our readers are in the habit of reading tracts, nor do we know how their delivery at a dwelling-house

could be prevented; but the subject is one worthy of attention, even if there should be no better way out of the difficulty than that pious persons should forego their small doses of religion while smallpox is raging. We can only recommend people to refuse to receive tracts at the door during the present epidemic.

JOSHA ON HARD WARK.

[BY CHEAWBENTER.]

THEAU knows Nathan Mosley—that stiff little mon,
Ut swaggers so mich i' his walk;
He's one o' them chaps ut'll skulk when he con,
Tho' he does a gret deal, t' hear him talk—
Well, they bagg'd Hague las' week—he had th' charge o' moy job,
An' th' owd felly uset t' wark loike a boss—
An' they'n tan Nathan Mosley, an' raiset him three bob,
An' set him o'er me for a boss.

It's a good tothery yer, Richard, neaw, as theau knows,
Sin aw furst went to wark i' yon shop,
An' aw've allus kep' pratty good toime, as th' book shows—
If aw ha'no bin th' wur for a dhrup;
Aw ne'er stopt off wark i' my loife beaut consent,
An' aw never sham t' wark when aw've beer,
An' aw've nobbut th' same brass ut aw geet when aw went,
Tho' aw wark gradely hard whoile aw'm theer.

Aw've seed chaps ut couldno' do mich when they troy'd,
An' ut didno' loike t' do what they could;
Bu' someheaw they manage t' get th' nob's o' ther soide,
An' could hardly get bagg'd it they would.
Sich loike folk as them mak a push when they're watcht,
An' mayhap, if they see owt, they snitch;
They're too 'cute when they shammoock, by th' hawf, to be catcht,
Bu' a good deal to faus to do mich.

If a chap's other lazy at wark or a botch,
To keep him at wark doesno' pay,
So they raisen his wages, an' set him for t' watch,
An' them as is willin' t' wark may.
Aw suppose it wer th' same when my fayther wer yung,
An' it's loikely t' be th' same when aw'm gone,
Bu' ther's ten ut get stroipes by sheer dodgin' an' tungue
Wheer by dint o' hard labour ther's one.

It's no use to be modest, if t' meens for t' throive,
It'll ne'er pay thee sixpence a week;
Theau'll get no promotion, so heaw theau may stroive,
If t' haano got plenty o' cheek.
Humility's th' same as a bubble fro' froth,
Ut wi' o' sorts o' colours is gay—
It's pratty to look at, bu' is no' mich woth,
It's so easy for t' puff it away.

Aw'll tell thee what, Dick—an by th' mass, lad, it's true,
An' aw've said so afore to moy woiife—
Aw do far too mich wark for moy brass, loike a foo',
An' aw've bin a gret foo' o' moy loife.
Theau may wark till thy chops is o' wrinklet an' thinn,
Theau may wark till thy eeset goes dark,
Theau may wark o' thy finger-and-booms thro' t' skin,
Bu' theau'll never get mich for hard wark.

THE RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

GRAMMATICAL EXERCISES FOR CORRECTION.

THE question of the propagation of smallpox by the distribution of tracts, which are alluded to in another column, are one as we recommend to the consideration of those who it concerns.

Note. In order to find the nominative case ask the question "who or what" before the verb. The error in this sentence will then become apparent.

It are a good thing to learn hymns in one's infancy so as one can quote them later in life at business meetings, and to make people laugh, like Mr. Fox Turner.

It are not right to quote in argument a statement which a gentleman have made, and suppress the most important part of it for his own pur-

poses. Dr. Potter have done this with a letter of the Bishop of Manchester's, and he ought to be ashamed of his self.

Fair play are a jewel. It are not fair play at all for one Manchester merchant to punch the head of another of whom he does not approve of his conduct, who is held fast by the first merchant's clerks. It are not a nice thing for such disclosures to be made in the police court.

Why does not the directors of the Queen's Theatre Company spend a little money in improving the scenery, which are very old and bad. Some things is good as is old, but scenery is not one of them.

We are very glad that the Bishop of Manchester are able to appear in public once more. He is a man whom is ill-spared in Lancashire, although sometimes he talks too much.

A SONG OF CHURCH DEFENCE.

Air: "Rattling Boys of the County Down."



COME, each gallant Church defender,
Fighting for a noble cause,
Be your motto "No Surrender,"
On your mission never pause.
Let us harass all Dissenters,
At their meetings let us howl;
Quarter none to him who enters
On an understanding foul.

Whack fol, etc.

Zeal for holy Church inspires us,
As we hoot, and storm, and yell;
Holy Christian feeling fires us
To the task we do so well.
Let no thought of fairness enter
With your zealous deeds to mix,
Nought's too good for a Dissenter—
Give it him with stones and sticks.

Whack fol, etc.

Howl them down on every platform,
Yell and hoot until you're hoarse;
If you can't succeed in that form,
You can try of blows the force.
"Church in danger" be our motto—
Shall we leave her in the lurch?
Let us not, oh! let us not, oh!
E'er, desert our dear, old Church.

Whack fol, etc.

Rule Britannia's strains shall cheer us
In our holy violence,
And our wicked foes will fear us
While they spout in impotence;
Thus the Church shall be protected
From iniquitous attacks,
If we use the means selected—
Namely, howls, and yells, and whacks.

Whack fol, etc.

MATRIMONY.

A SINGLE sweep of the scissors suffices to extract the following two advertisements from a Manchester daily paper:—

TWO respectable Young Gentlemen, aged 20 and 21, Wish to Correspond with two Young Ladies of means, with a view to Matrimony.—Address, enclosing cartes-de-visite, J 70, at the printers'.

TWO Young Ladies, Sisters, aged 21 and 23 years, with an income of £8 a week each, Wish to Correspond with Two Young Gentlemen; view, Matrimony; with fortune preferred; no notice taken of initials; enclose carte-de-visite.—Address, J 19, at the printers'.

Marriages, they say, are made in Heaven, but from the fact that these two announcements have appeared together several days in succession, it will be inferred that marriage by advertisement is out of the sphere of Providence. One would have thought that these two pair of would-be lovers had only mutually to answer one another's advertisements, and be happy ever after. Ages are romantic, united means apparently ample, and yet the requirements of matrimonial advertisers remain unsatisfied. Marriage per advertisement seems to be a state of bliss hard to be arrived at, whatever it may be when attained.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Bishop doesn't care a snap of his finger for his income, as he knows he could get a good "living" at any time in other walks than the Church.

That the Cathedral canons entertain a somewhat different opinion, as they wouldn't like to go in for stalls at Shudehill market.

That at the Manchester Scottish Re-union, at the Exchange, on Saturday night last, Mr. Malcolm Ross in the chair, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung until everybody got fou'.

That Mr. Whitty, who responded for the toast, "The land of our adoption," facetiously advised the Chairman to Syne the pledge.

That Conncillor Little supported the proposal, on the understanding that it should not prevent his having the usual allowance of "Sma' beer" after the Council meetings.

That the cobbler who presented Mrs. Rylands with a pair of clogs, in honour of the return of her husband for Burnley, also offered to M.P. take one of her corns, so that she could wear them.

That Mother Stewart is about to declare war against whiskey, hot water, sugar, and lemon in Manchester.

That it would be a rum go for the publicans if Mother Stewart converted everybody to total abstinence.

That several well-salaried officers in connection with the Alliance would be crying out, "U.K.A. Walker."

That Mr. Muirhead, who is chairman of the Ice-making Company, is in ecstacy at the prospect of people having ice, just like milk, brought to their doors every morning.

That an arrangement might be made to bring the two together, in the shape of ice cream.

That Alderman King, who will have to act as deputy mayor at the town's meeting, on Friday, as to the title of Empress being conferred upon her Majesty, is bracing up his nerves to appear as Dictator.

That Sir Joseph has sent out a circular to the Tories, imploring their presence to enable him to keep order.

That the servants of the Royal Infirmary are in the habit of reckoning four thousand gallons to the tun—of cheese.

That a pitite at the Prince's Theatre, the other evening, saw a giraffe-flea from Belle Vue Gardens immensely amused with Leocoe's new comic opera.

That a distinguished councillor in Salford, who has publicly taken to lighting new lamps, observes that this is Nuttall the improvements he means to initiate in the borough.

That as the streets of Salford are in future to be watered in the same way as at Paris, it would be well to call the neighbourhood of the cattle market the boulevards.

That the police courts might be named the Palais of Justice, as a sort of paliation for Sir John's wonderful sentences.

That Mr. Fox Turner, after quoting two lines of a hymn at the Chamber of Commerce, was nonplussed on being asked by the Chairman to favour the meeting by singing the whole of it.

THE INVITATION.

"**C**OME, and meet me," wrote my true love,
 "On the morrow, in the wood;
 I've a tale to tell to you, love,
 I have news to do you good;
 If your love as true as mine is,
 This appointment you will keep,
 Lo! the name I murmur thine is
 Ere I lay me down to sleep.

"Well you know the place of meeting,
 By the pool among the trees,
 Pray remember time is fleeting,
 And be early, if you please;
 Then the song of birds shall cheer us
 As we whisper words of love,
 Then we'll listen, no one near us,
 To the cooing of the dove.

"There, in most romantic fashion,
 We can murmur forth our vows;
 Where indulge the tender passion
 Half so well as under boughs?"
 So I promised I would be with
 Angelina by the pool,
 But I only found a tree with
 This inscription—"April fool!"

MOTHER STEWART'S WHISKEY WAR.



WE were honoured, an evening or two ago, with a visit from the agent in advance of Mother Stewart, who promises to visit Manchester next week. The gentleman in question is a thorough-going Yankee, and as he is not afflicted with too much modesty, we let him tell the object of Mother Stewart's visit in his own words:—

"You'll find the old gal tarnation smart, you will. She hasn't lived for nine and forty year in the U-nited States of Ameriky for nothing. She has a pro-per apprecia-tion of the glorious consti-tution of her own country, but, prejudice aside, she has a soft side for the weakness of human natur wherever she finds it. You may take my word for it that she has clean slewed up all tarnation drinking institutions in the States. There's no such thing as a whiskey rig in Ameriky now-a-days; I opine there's not, though some of the British newspapers persist in asserting that there is. Gin-slings and sherry-cobblers have gone slick out of existence, and nobody ever gets drunk unless he's a Britisher just landed. It's a fact, Mother Stewart has a curi-ous way of carrying on her whiskey war. I suppose you're considered pretty hard drinkers in Manchester. Well, you're gwine to give it up, you are. Mother Stewart's per-suasion can beat creation, and as she has a pre-diction that she'll make as many con-verts as Moody and Sankey did in your city, your liquor-shops will have to put up their uni-versal shutters. I calculate Mother Stewart will hook your Bishop as a teetotaler. She backed Brigham Young and forty-six of his wives, and only two of them ever

USEFUL WEDDING PRESENTS AT "KENNETH'S," 85, MARKET STREET, 85.

thrived on the sill afterwards. I opinion-ate, stranger, that you'd better not agit-ate against Mother Stewart in the columns of your *Jack-daw*, 'cause, if you do, she'll chaw you up pretty small, she will. Your climate's very moist in Man-chester, it is. Praps you don't mind showing a stranger where he can liquor up!"

A SOLILOQUY.

The Queen has presented Mr. Disraeli with her portrait, in oil, by a German artist. "Examiner," March 27, 1876.

SCENE.—A room with the Queen's portrait hanging therein; MR. DISRAELI loquitur.



TO be or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis best to change the style and title
Of England's ancient crown, and risk the danger
That threatens him who trifles with this people,
Or to withstand the royal whims and fancies,
And by opposing—end them? No, I fear
That those who blindly set their fools' ambition
On the imperial diadem will find,
If I should fail them, some less circumspect,
And others win the glory. For, indeed,
Speak as men may of vain and vulgar glitter,
There is some glory centres round the head
Of him who makes an empress. Should not I,
Who in my time have manufactured dukes—
And as they strutted in their full-blown pride
Sneered in their lordly faces—should not I
Crown my career by some such act as this?
So that hereafter men no longer speak
Of the great Warwick who made only kings,
But of the great Disraeli, who, in spite
Of murmurs, growlings, half-suppressed roars
From the old British Lion, scoffs and taunts,
Shrieks from the Opposition, prayers of friends
Made of their Queen an Empress, met th' appeals
With jargonings about the Antonines,
And gave an almanac's authority
Wish that of sundry school-girls for the change.
Though there be danger, I have dared much more,
And oft rushed in where angels feared to tread;
I cannot lose this opportunity
To gain the grandiose tombstone epitaph—
"He made an empress."

[Rises, and goes to the portrait.]

And thou, Victoria, 'spite thy royal gift,
Bearest thy minister no love: nor would
So graciously remember me, but that
My help is urgently required by thee
In soothing all the paltry jealousies,
The petty squabbings, and the mean desires
Of those not yet content with all the gifts
That Fortune has bestowed. Yet will I do 't,
If only for the cynic's bitter joy
Of laughing in the face of Englishmen
Who hate the name of "Empress."

CLOGS FOR WARRINGTON.



THE natives of Warrington have long been celebrated for eccentricity. The latest development in this direction has originated with a Liberal cobbler, who, to commemorate the successful return of Mr. Peter Rylands to Parliament as member for Burnley, determined to construct a pair of clogs, which, a few days ago, he had the honour of presenting to Mrs. Rylands. The tops of the clogs, so it is stated, were made of calf (not the cobbler's own skin), with insertions of cerise silk, were lined with white silk, mounted with tassels of gold, had military heels, and were ornamented with brass tips. The cobbler in question, apparently, was uncertain as to how the fair lady would accept his offer, and to make sure that she might not, figuratively, of course, put the clogs on her feet and save him the trouble of walking downstairs, he took a few working-men as a deputation with him, so as to give the event a political tinge. Mrs. Rylands, however, appreciated the

gift, and politely acknowledged it, and the deputation afterwards were entertained to luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Rylands. The report here stops short, and we much regret it. Mr. Rylands' opinion on the propriety of Liberal ladies in Warrington wearing clogs would, no doubt, have been very amusing, and we are curious to know whether he gave the deputation any advice as to the excellent use to which clogs might be put, in Lancashire fashion, in driving the Tories out of their stronghold in Warrington. Mr. Rylands might also have possibly entertained the deputation with his notions as to what the effect would be in the House of Commons if he put in an appearance there with his toes encased in a good substantial pair of Lancashire clogs, and did a break-down. The defeat of the Government and flight of Mr. Disraeli would be inevitable. Ladies of Warrington, follow your Liberal leader, and make, for the sake of this distinguished cobbler, clogs fashionable!

"THE SMIRCH ON THE KING'S TAIL."



MR. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., once upon a time had his head turned with the success of a pamphlet, "Ginx's Baby;" and since that time he has made himself so notorious in one way or another that he imagines he has a talent for doing and saying smart things. Providence has seen fit to allow him to revel in this delusion, and yet any one who has had the mental endurance and physical courage to wade through his "Devil's Chain" will see how he lacks the very talents he imagines he possesses. He has just issued a catch-sixpenny, called "The Blot on the Queen's Head," which is as stupidly inane as anything we have seen. It has neither point nor wit, and would be grossly offensive to his superiors in the House of Commons if he were not beneath the notice of men like the Premier and Mr. Gladstone. In order to show how this kind of thing may be managed we give a squib of our own, which we have entitled

"THE SMIRCH ON THE KING'S TAIL."

Once upon a time there was a King whose territory was bounded by his own tail, which formed a very large circle round him, and which served for many purposes. It was a wall against his enemies in time of war, a telegraph cable in time of peace, and a whip wherewith to scourge his subjects when they wrote stupid brochures. He had one subject who thought he knew better than anybody else, and his name was Jen Kyns. He was a big pot in his own way, but very small potatoes in the eyes of everybody else. He grew so extremely coxy that he tried to lead public opinion, and secretly formed a scheme to gild the King's Tail. He had no gold of his own, so he stumped the country, and induced the poor benighted populace to furnish him cash under pretence of presenting the King with a gold case for his tail. He got enough coin to purchase the leaf gold with which to adorn the King's Tail, but somehow it turned in his hands to base metal, and one dark night he had brass enough to attempt to carry out his project. He gently rubbed brass filings into his Majesty's caudal appendage, but it would not act. So he melted the brass, and with brazen impudence began to pour the molten metal on the grand old Tail—"so ancient, so venerable, the relic of the work of noble hands, instinct with the truest, simplest, and most potent art, renowned, beloved, cherished, enshrined in a thousand choice and happy memories of time, and place, and person."

Throughout the length and breadth of the land there went a sound of thunder. The King awoke with the vigour of a Titan, and with one great cry whisked his tail around with Herculean force. The kingdom was shaken as by an earthquake, and when the Tail was at last laid quietly down there was a terrible SMIRCH about a yard from the end. Jen Kyns was never seen again. He had been blasted into eternity by that Tail,

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and the only thing left of him was a brazen remnant of his white hat. The King gloomily sucked the end of his tall, and mumbled: "So shall all stupid pamphleteers perish. No doubt Jen Kyns would have written to the papers about the state of my *Tail*, but now he can't tell the story at any rate."

[Copies of the above delightful satire may be obtained at the *City Jackdaw* office on payment of one penny. Children in arms need not apply.]

TO MY UMBRELLA.

[BY A NOVICE.]



LET other bards their tribute pay
Unto the stars or moon's bright ray,
And do whatever best they may
To sing 'em;
To humbler themes I fain must cling,
A commonplace but useful thing
Art thou whose praises now I sing,
My gingham!

To bards who view the field's expanse,
And watch the lambkins as they dance
Or skip, some joy the scene perchance
May bring 'em;
But then the weather is so vile,
The rural sight evokes no smile
From me—what shelters me the while?
My gingham!

What helps to shelter when it snows,
Turns inside out when hard it blows,
And baulks the snowballs of my foes
Who sling 'em?
What aids me when I'm in a row,
And serves to fright an angry cow?
'Tis thou, 'tis thou, 'tis thou,
My gingham!

And if imprudently I roam
In fields, or by the salt sea foam,
And doff my clothes, when I get home,
To wring 'em,
It is my fault that I should be
In such a case, because, you see,
I foolishly neglected thee,
My gingham!

And now I'll stop these rhymes, for why?
Because I really find that I
No longer, even though I try,
Can string 'em.
The subject now is growing tough,
I'm conscious that the rhymes are rough,
So now I think I've said enough—
My gingham!

THE TRUE STORY OF ALL FOOLS' DAY.

[BY OUR OWN ROMANCER.]

IN the year of our Lord 1647, and at the end of the month of March (for it is as well to be exact), the circumstances happened which are about to be narrated. As the student of history will doubtless remember, this was a year of great troubles in Manchester, as well as in all England. That arch brigand, Cromwell, was in possession of our city, and was not only guilty of the audacity of stabling his horses in the parish church, but also permitted to his followers considerable licence, inasmuch that the ladies who were in the habit of taking the air of St. Ann's Passage and King Street were dreadfully shocked both by the demeanour and language of these ruffianly, but doubtless sincere, warriors. Those were not the days in which the hero of a hundred fights used to mark his words, or rule his proceedings by any milk-and-watery sentiment, and a soldier of the period was, if a trifle rough, still a genuine warrior. In vain the *Manchester Courier* published, day after day for many weeks together, leading articles condemnatory of the great Dictator and his proceedings; in vain did Mr. Crouner Herford protest against the literal manner in which his free and open church scheme had been adopted by

Cromwell. Might was on one side and right on the other, and at last the citizens of Manchester came to the conclusion that it was better on the whole to grin and bear it until such time as the glorious restoration should come, of which the *Courier* was always prophesying. There was one man, however, who, though not of Mancunian or even British extraction, could not allow himself to sit down tamely while these things were being done, even though the temple, which was profaned, was a Christian temple; the maidens insulted Christian maidens, and the offended newspaper, an organ of Christian opinion. This was Mr. Mosesborough, the distinguished optician and philanthropist, who dwelt and had a shop near to the market called Victoria Market, and by consequence at no great distance from the Cathedral. Several newspaper paragraphs of the period had testified at once to the charitable deeds of Mr. Mosesborough, and to the goodness of his spectacles. Now, certain ill-conditioned persons had sneered at the philanthropist, accusing him of self-seeking and of a desire to increase his business by getting a reputation for being charitable, for in those days notoriety, however obtained, was good for the business of a merchant. Mr. Mosesborough, we say, being vexed with these ill reports, bethought him, "How would it be if I were to devise a plan for ridding the city of its present plagues? Should not I then be canonized, and would not my trade flourish all the more hereby?" So he cast about him to devise a plan. Now, the plan that he devised was this—he caused to be placed in the evening papers a paragraph, stating that "our distinguished townsman, Mr. Mosesborough, we believe, proposes to give away the whole of his stock-in-trade to the brave soldiers of the Commonwealth, on Saturday next, the first of April." This was on the Thursday, and on the Saturday morning, as may be imagined, Mr. Mosesborough's shop was closed, according to the custom of his people. Nevertheless, from a window over his shop, the philanthropist addressed the assembled and impatient crowd of soldiery, among whom the iron frame and bronzed visage of Cromwell might be discerned. "My friends," he said, "my stock-in-trade has ever been my benevolence, and now I make you a present of it; go and buy spectacles at twelve shillings a gross, and distribute them to the needy. Great will be your reward here and hereafter." Then all the citizens laughed so heartily and for so many days at those soldiers, who were thus sold, that at last they were driven out of the place by the mere force of ridicule, and the first of April became for ever after the festival of fools.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

[BY OUR QUEER FELLOW.]

YOU remember how I told you
Of the way in which I failed in
The pursuit of agriculture,
Through the fault of that confounded
Plough they ordered me to work with;
And you also may be mindful
Of a slight misunderstanding
Which arose between the farmer
And myself on that occasion.
I will now proceed to tell you
How I left that hostile station,
With my late injurious treatment
Rankling in my mind and body,
With a fixed determination
To have done with agriculture;
When, as broodingly I wandered,
On a sudden I was conscious
Of a group of men approaching
On the track on which I travelled;
And as soon as they were near me
I accosted them politely,
And inquired of them their purpose
In thus straying through those regions,
For I hoped to get a hint of
Any work that might be going;
And they answered, "We are shearers,
We are journeying together
To a station not far distant,
Where the sheep are very many,
For they stand in need of men there."
Then, as soon as I was certain

It was not that very station
Which I had so lately quitted,
I observed to them, with frankness,
"I will go with you, my comrades,
We will shear those sheep together;"
And they answered, "Can you shear sheep?"
And I said, "I rather think so"
(Closing one eye, as I said it,
In a 'cute sarcastic manner);
Then they all said, "It shall be so,
You shall go with us a-shearing."
So I went with them a-shearing;
And we came unto the station,
And we went into the stock-yard,
And they drove the sheep together
To the yard for us to shear them,
And they handed me a wether—
'Twas a very ancient wether,
Very lean and very wiry,
And with little wool upon him—
And I took him to a corner,
To a far-off quiet corner,
Where the others could not see me
(For I'm always rather nervous
When I'm watched by other people).
And I set myself to shear him.

But the way that sheep annoyed me
I am powerless to depict you,
For he didn't seem to like it,
And I couldn't keep him steady,
And he kept on jumping upwards,
Hitting me upon the jaw-bone
With his head, and once he made me
Bite my tongue in such a fashion,
It was tender for a fortnight;
And the wretched creatures ears were
Always coming in the wrong place,
And I scarcely could avoid them,
They kept getting in the way so;
But I would not be discouraged,
And I set my teeth together,
And I sheared him, and I sheared him
Till I'd finished him entirely,
Then I let him wander from me.

But I marked with apprehension
That he didn't seem at all well,
For he travelled very slowly,
Shaking now and then his body
In a sad and mournful fashion,
And he seemed to be disgusted;
And it struck me his appearance
Was a little—well—lop-sided,
And at first I could not fancy
What it was that was a-missing,
Till at length, as luck would have it,
My attention was attracted
By an object that was lying
On the ground where I had sheared him;
Then I saw at once that I had
Inadvertently deprived him
Of an ear—which I regretted;
Then he went towards his comrades,
But they didn't seem to know him,
And they fled from him in terror,
And he seemed to feel it deeply—
And I also felt it deeply;
And he cast one glance towards me,
One reproachful glance, as saying,
"You have made of me an outcast,
I'm regarded as an outcast
By the comrades of my lambhood"—
Then he slowly sought a corner,
And he laid him down to die there.

And in pondering the question,
I arrived at the conclusion
That the best course to pursue was
Not to call attention to him;
And I thought I would not ask them
For another sheep to start on,
And I also deemed it prudent
Not to ask remuneration
For the services I'd rendered;
So I left them at their shearing,
And I started on my journey
In an unobserved direction.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

SOME remarks will not now be out of place with regard to bad habits, which may creep upon the aspirant when the thought begins to come upon him that he has found his legs, and will shortly be a poet in earnest. It need hardly be said that slovenliness is a thing especially to be guarded against, and among slovenly habits there is none which is more to be deplored than that one, which is occasionally to be noticed even among poets known to fame, of leaving out alternate rhymes in a stanza. The following example will illustrate my meaning:—

A PARTING.

The evening when I parted from
My love was only Wednesday last;
The breeze was hushed, the landscape dark,
And all the sky was overcast.

Now, the failure of the rhyme might be excused on the ground that there is no rhyme for "from" in the English language, but why did the poet choose that particular word? It is to be feared that slovenliness was the only reason, as the same sentiment might easily have been expressed otherwise by the taking a little trouble; as, for instance:—

When we two parted it was eve,
I recollect, on Wednesday last;
No breeze was blowing, I believe,
And all the sky was overcast.

If objection is made to the ambiguity of the word "believe," a further amendment can be made:—

'Twas on the eve when last we met,
The day of parting, Wednesday last;
The breeze on blowing not was set,
And all the sky was overcast.

This is better, though some fastidious people might object to the third line; so we will remodel again:—

When last we met 'twas on the night—
Ah, luckless night!—of Tuesday last;
The breeze that fanned our cheeks was light,
And all the sky was overcast.

This, however, does not convey, on inspection, the exact idea of the original, for there should be a difference even in poetry between "night" and "evening," and a breeze that is "hushed" is not exactly the same as one that is merely "light;" so we must try again:—

We parted last, my love and I,
Upon the eve of Wednesday last;
The wind was anything but high,
And all the sky was overcast.

This is anything but poetical, but the only conclusion to be arrived at is that if there had been anything in the original idea, something would have been evolved after all the trouble taken. Having gone through it all myself, I merely throw out the above specimens in order to show the direction which a poet's work should take. To remodel the two next stanzas in the same manner would occupy several pages:—

The time was half-past six o'clock,
I marked it on the dial stone;
I never shall survive the blow,
For now I roam the world alone.

I am not about to reconstruct, but merely to remark on the absurdity of a person telling the time by a sun-dial when the sky was overcast.

Alas! we never more may meet,
I fear, indeed, we never may,
For when I see you in the square
You turn your head the other way.

In the hope that these remarks and criticisms may lead the young poetic idea to adopt workmanlike habits, I conclude for the present.

EMPRESS VIC.

[DEDICATED TO LOCAL AGITATORS.]



CITIZENS, why should you make such a fuss about
Whether the Queen shall be Empress or Queen?
Why should you twaddle and agitate thus about
Matters to you which are not worth a bean?
Can you explain what the difference would be to us,
Even supposing the title were changed?
Do you not think that, between you and me, to us
It should be nothing how things are arranged?

Do you suppose that a local petition will
Have upon Dizzy the slightest effect?
If you suppose so, your silly ambition will
End in a signal collapse, I expect.
Doubtless, it is a desirable thing to be
Able to talk on a theme of the day;
Over an audience of citizens king to be,
Up on a platform, and spouting away.

Doubtless, it must be a thing to delight about
On an imperial theme to discourse;
Small local topics all sent to the right about,
Seeming too weak for your intellect's force;
Doubtless, 'tis nice your small name to be told in print,
Usually this is beyond your poor reach,
Then there's the chance that the town may behold in print—
"Councillor so-and-so made a good speech."

Still, I may ask will this lighten taxation, or
Cleanse our foul rivers, or give us the trams,
Help the promotion of good legislation, or
Prove that our by-laws are none of them shams?
If you would only have sense it were better a
Deal, as will soon very likely be seen,
Just to abandon the Monarch, and let her a-
Lone, as she likes, to be Empress or Queen.

How can it matter to us what her title be?
That we should put in our oar is absurd,
Specially if we remember the fight'll be
Over before we can make ourselves heard;
Even supposing the matter were otherwise,
Dizzy would smile as you got on your legs,
Just shrug his shoulders, and say that grand motherwise,
He doesn't want to be taught to suck eggs.

"BOOZIN' AT THE NAPPY" UNDER THE EXCHANGE.

ON Saturday evening last, there was a great gathering of the Scotch clans in the premises of the "Manchester Limited," under the Royal Exchange. The assembly was fully representative of every form of the dialect spoken on the hither side of the Tweed, and the dinner provided was eminently recherché, including cock-a-leeky, singit sheep's head, hagsis, Dutch oysters served up in the shells of real natives, and all the other delicacies of the season. Mr. Malcolm Ross occupied the chair, but was only able to vouchsafe his presence until the printed programme had been exhausted. It was felt, however, that there was still time and opportunity for a little more conviviality, and cries arose of "Keep it up," "We are na fou," etc. Accordingly Councillor James Little was voted by acclamation into the chair of what may be termed the supplemental banquet. Of this important part of the festive proceedings we have seen no report hitherto.

Mr. Councillor Little rose, and spoke as follows: My friends, I'm happy to see ye a' in a room. Ye've din me the honour o' pitting me in the chair that was occipit lately by Mr. Malcolm Ross, a gentleman who has been obliged to retire for sundry reasons that naeboddy has ony right to inquire intill. (Hear, hear.) Aiblins, howsomever, we'll be able to get on weel eneuch without 'im, for, although I say it mysel' that shouldna say it, there's no' a man in Manchester that kens better hoo to kittle up the feelin's o' a conveevial meetin' than Jamie Little. (Great applause.) The programme, leddies and gentlemen, has been exhausted, but there's mair whiskey to be had at a moderate cost per mutchkin, and Scotchmen, I apprehend, need nae ither stimulus to enjoy themselfs. (Uproarious tokens of assent.) But before replenishin' your tummlers, ye'll be nain the waur o' a few words o' counsel. Like mysel', the maist o' ye cam here wi' nae hantle o' siller in your pouches, and ye hae been etling ever

since—and what for no?—to mak as muckle ye can oot o' the pocket-puddins on this side o' the border. Weel, as ye ken, I set up as an undertaker, an' I'm proud to say that since I set up in this business I hae seen to their lang hames a guid many Englishmen, but if I should see as many mair it would hardly make up for the slaughter of our countrymen on Flodden Field. (Tremendous cheering, which was greatly prolonged.) I bury them in comfortable coffins, and supply hearers at reasonable charges, whilk is mair than can be said o' the undertakers at the disaster alluded to. (Doleful growls.) I'll no detain ye langer o' noo, and while the waiters are bringin' in anither supply o' toddy the piper will strike up a lilt.

The bagpipes here began to screech in a style which seemed to delight the guests, but our reporter, unable to endure the noise, seized his hat and rushed into the street.

THEATRICALS.

THE marked deterioration of the audiences at the Prince's, after the first night of "Girofle-Girofla," both in number and nature, is fair evidence that the taste for vicious *opéra bouffe* is not gaining any ground in Manchester. The plot of the opera is one which, even in the modified form of the English adapter, is quite unfit for publication. The music is pretty, though for the most part stale; and even as regards its prettiness, requires indelicacy of voice and action to be brought to bear before its full beauties can be discerned. It will be gathered, therefore, that the "enthusiastic reception" which this, like every other piece at the Prince's, is said to receive, is accorded chiefly by the class of playgoers who accept nastiness for wit, and sensuality for humour. When it is added that the opera is liberally sprinkled with buffoonery of the sorriest, and dances which deserve to be called meretricious, a very accurate description of the whole will be finished. It is a great pity to find such a charming and promising actress and singer as Miss Catherine Lewis mixed up with such representations, though her modesty and self-restraint are conspicuous throughout, even in the disgusting bacchanalian scene in the second act, in which the audience is favoured with the spectacle of a young lady reeling about the stage in a drunken condition. This scene alone, although Miss Lewis makes as little of it as possible, is enough to make any refined person, or at least any English lady, shudder and leave the house. Messrs. Brenner and Corri have songs allotted to them which they execute very well, and do their best to make their respective parts "go;" and a word of praise is due to the choruses, the music of which is by far the best part of the opera. It is just to the management to state that the piece is brilliantly mounted.

At the Queen's "Arrah Na Pogue" has been represented, and a piece by a Manchester author, entitled "Married from School," about which, not being able to say any good things, we will be silent. Mr. Herwyn has resumed his post as stage-manager, and is received in both pieces with a somewhat wondrous enthusiasm.

Mr. Carl Rosa's Company still continue to attract thronged and cultivated audiences at the Royal, and with the production and repetition of the "Water Carrier" a success has been scored in the musical world, the like of which has not been obtained for many years by an *impresario*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

An Author's Troubles.—We are sorry to add to them, but space is valuable, and the waste paper basket convenient.

An Occasional Contributor.—Not on this occasion.

On the Wing (F. Salt).—The salt shall not be on our tail.

Old Scratch.—There is not an itch in the temple of fame for you.

Silence a Negative.—Just so, but scribbling is not a virtue.

An Ez-P.D.—It would be inexpedient to comply with your request.

Our Gathering.—If you had put it off till Saturday it would have been more appropriate, that day being All Fools' Day.

Grumbings.—Declined, with thanks; the public would reciprocate.

My Fireside.—You might have saved a penny with advantage and little trouble. You are, at all events, not up to Burns.

A Remarkable Strike.—It is not likely to be a remarkable hit.

On View.—But not in our columns, as you seem to expect.

Jack in the Box.—It is all very well to be in the box, but your remarks are libellous, and we have no desire to be in the dock. Send your name and address.

The Wooden Leg.—Flash and blood would not stand the perusal.

A Frosty Day.—The rime is lacking.

Schism.—Not a witty schism.

A. J. Fullbody (Stockport).—The production of an empty head.

J. F. (Pendleton).—The acknowledgment means, among other things, that the editorial mind requires time in order to turn the signature or contribution to some account by making a jocular answer.

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.—"Rara Fides." "H. H."

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